MOTHER EARTH

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MOTHER EARTH

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THE BUM

The dust of thousand roads, the grease
  And grime of slums, were on his face;
The fangs of hunger and disease
  Upon his throat had left their trace;
The smell of death was in his breath,
  But in his eye no resting place.

  Along the gutters, shapeless, fagged,
  With drooping head and bleeding feet,
Throughout the Christmas night he dragged
  His care, his woe, and his defeat;
Till gasping hard with face downward
  He fell upon the trafficked street.

The midnight revelry aloud
  Cried out its glut of wine and lust;
The happy, clean, indifferent crowd
  Passed him in anger and disgust;
For—fit or rum—he was a bum,
  And if he died 'twas nothing lost.

  The tramp, the thief, the drunk, the brute,
  The beggar, each withdrew his eye;
E'en she, the bartered prostitute,
  Held close her skirts and passed him by;
For, drunk or dead, the street's the bed
  Where dogs and bums must sleep and die.

So all went on to their debauch,
  Parade of ghosts in weird array.
Only a tramp dog did approach
  That mass of horror and decay—
It sniffed him out with its black snout
  Then turned about and limped away.

And there he lay, a thing of dread,
  A loathsome thing for man and beast;
None put a stone beneath his head,
  Or wet his lips, or rubbed his wrist,
And none drew near to help or cheer—
  Save a policeman and a priest.

Yet neither heard his piteous wail,
  And neither knelt by where he fell.
The man in blue spoke of the jail,
  Until he heard his rattle tell,
And hearing that, he motioned at
  The man in black to speak of hell.

To speak of hell, lest he should hope
  For peace, for rest untroubled, deep,
Where he no more need roam and grope
  Through dark, foul lanes to beg and weep,
Where in the vast warm earth at last
  He'd find a resting place to sleep.

To sleep—not standing tired and sick
  By grimy walls and cold lamp poles,
Nor crouched in fear of the night stick,
  To beat his sore and swollen soles,
Nor see the flares of green nightmares
  And ghastly dawns through black rat holes;

To sleep beneath the green, warm earth
  As in a sacred mother's womb,
And wait the call of a new birth,
  When his dead life again shall bloom—
For it shall pass into the grass;
  The lamb will graze upon his tomb.

Not he, not he shall think of this,
  Not he the wretched, the down trod;
Beyond the club of the police
  Shall reach the ruthless hand of God,
For like a ghoul the rich man's rule
  Will seek him out beneath the sod.

He must know hell, lest he should guess
  That all his weary tramp is o'er——
A hell of hunger and distress
  Where he, cold, naked and footsore,
Alone and ill, must wander still
  Through endless roads forevermore.

Nay, nay, my brother, 'tis a lie!
  Just like their Christ, their love, their law!
They brewed a wolfish fiend on high,
  Just like their hearts perverse and raw,

To damn or save the dying slave,
  So those who live should serve in awe.

So that in trembling fear they'd hold
  Upon their neck their masters' sway,
So that they'd guard their masters' gold
  And starve and freeze and still obey,
So when for greed they toil and bleed,
  Instead of rising they should pray.

That's why they come to huts and slums!
  'Tis not to soothe or to console,
But just to stay the hungry bums
  With this black terror of the soul,
And bend and blight with chains of fright
  What chains of steel could not control.

And yet, and yet the thunderbolt
  Shall fall some day they fear the least,
When flesh and sinews shall revolt
  And she, the mob, the fiend, the beast,
Unchained, awake, shall turn and break
  The bloody tables of their feast.

But you, my brother, will be dead,
  And none will think of you for aye!
Still by your spirit I'll be led,
  If like their cattle you'll not die,
If you'll but show before you go
  That mine can be your battle cry!

Aye, brother, death all woes relieves—
  Yet this low world that well you knew,
This Christian world of sainted thieves
  And fat apostles of virtue,
This world of brutes and prostitutes,
  Must see its end revealed by you!

Rise then! Your rags, your bleeding shirt,
  Tear from your crushed and trampled chest,
Fling in its face its own vile dirt,
  Your scorn and hate to manifest,
And in its gray cold eyes of prey
  Spit out your life and your protest!

THE MOVEMENT OF THE UNEMPLOYED

BY ALEXANDER BERKMAN

THE real situation in regard to the movement of the unemployed does not seem to be understood or appreciated even by some of those who pretend to stand in the forefront of the proletarian struggle.

The movement sprang from the spontaneous need of the moment. Thousands of men and women out of work, tramping the city in a vain search for a job, many of them homeless and penniless—what more natural than that such abject misery should crystallize itself in the cry for Bread.

To be sure, the demand was voiced by a small minority of the more intelligent and bolder spirits. *Was ever any demand* articulated first by the duller majority, however dire their need? But there are always people so constituted that their first impulse is to belittle and condemn everything that is small in numbers, whatever its quality. There are others again who taboo everything not inspired by themselves, for their own greater glory or that of their party. These are the sane and safe ones who in their supreme wisdom and scientific foresight have irrevocably mapped out the path of human progress, and who modestly insist on it that the "course of evolution" is inevitable and must proceed as mapped out. In their blind fanaticism they attempt to force every individual or social expression into the frame of their conception, and denounce and obstruct every phenomenon that refuses to conform to their canned program.

This may help to explain the storm of abuse and condemnation that broke over the head of Frank Tannenbaum and his fellow-unemployed when their demand for bread began to take definite form. The masters denounced them; the good Christians called the wrath of God upon their heads, the police persecuted them, and the greater part of the Socialist press—to the shame of its decent supporters be it said—first ignored, then ridiculed and villified them.

And yet Tannenbaum's crusade against the churches was a most significant thing, from whatever standpoint considered. So far as the Christian element in the un-

employed army is concerned, it was a convincing *argumentum ad hominem* that the starving man could expect no help from the religious institutions or the official followers of the poor Nazarene tramp. And as to the public at large—the manner in which the Protestant churches sought to avoid the issue, their begrudging aid forthcoming only because of their fear of the desperately hungry men, and the brazenly open repudiation of "the beloved of Christ" by the Catholic church—the Tannenbaum raids have accomplished more in tearing off the mask of religious hypocrisy than the year-long propaganda of freethinkers.

Then came the trial of Frank Tannenbaum. It is sad, very sad to confess that those who style themselves the spokesmen of the oppressed kept a most shameful silence, where they did not directly condemn and ridicule Tannenbaum. Instead of starting a wide-spread agitation against his persecution, "the working class party" remained dumb. Not a finger was raised to rouse the public to the evident conspiracy on the part of the authorities and the invaded Catholic church to "make an example" of Frank Tannenbaum, as the menacing gesture of the depths.

Any one familiar with the labor struggle knows the effect that an energetic public protest produces on the hand that holds the scales of capitalistic justice. Is it not sufficient to recall the cases of Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone? of Ettor and Giovannitti? or the more recent instance of Alexander Salvanno, the Spanish marine fireman striker whom the multiple police charges threatened with imprisonment for life?

Not a word from the political party that allegedly exists only to further the interests of the downtrodden and disinherited. Indeed the conviction of Tannenbaum and the outrageous sentence imposed on him only called forth a malicious sneer against the victim in the columns of the New York *Call,* to the effect that Frank deserved a spanking.

After Tannenbaum's arrest it became evident that the Socialist party and certain prominent ones in the I. W. W. sought by every means to limit and paralyze the movement of the unemployed. Therefore the Confer-

ence of the Unemployed, consisting of delegates of various labor and radical organizations, decided to hold a mass meeting at Union Square, the date set being Saturday, March 21. The Socialist party and its locals absolutely refused to coöperate. Aye, even the I. W. W. declared itself bankrupt by declining to take part, as an organization, in the so vital mass movement. Orders were even given to individual members of the I. W. W. not to participate in the Union Square meeting. It was thought "wiser and more practical" by the official leaders—with one or two manly exceptions—to remain in the safe retirement of sex o'clock boudoirs.

Notwithstanding the misrepresentations of the capitalist and Socialist press; which insists on labelling the unemployed movement with the name of I. W. W., the fact is that but a small minority of I. W. W. boys are active therein, and that only as individuals, most of whom are disgusted with the weak-kneed passivity of the leaders of that organization. It has been charged that the movement of the unemployed is conducted largely by Anarchists. We plead guilty. But the Anarchists stepped in only after Tannenbaum's arrest, when neither Socialists nor official I. W. W. cared to risk their precious life and limb. Are not the Anarchists always the ones to face the fire when a situation becomes dangerous?

With tooth and nail the Socialist and I. W. W. officialdom opposed the mass meeting arranged for March 21. The *Call* even refused to print an advertisement of the planned meeting, to be inserted Saturday, March 21, though it had received payment and published the same ad on the day before. The animus of the Socialist politicians was so bitter that at their meeting at Cooper Union, March 19, arranged to discuss the unemployment problem, they refused the floor to the spokesmen of the unemployed, though the audience demanded to hear them. The treachery, but even more so the stupidity of the proceedings naturally resulted in disorder and the arrest of the intended speaker of the unemployed, Joe O'Carroll, subsequently discharged by the magistrate. The attitude of the priests of St. Alphonsus church toward Tannenbaum and his men was

duplicated by the Socialist high priests at Cooper Union.

* * *

The mass meeting at Union Square, March 21, was as inspiring as it was dignified. The condition of the unemployed was put up to the public of the city, squarely and tersely, mostly by the unemployed themselves, who emphasized the right of the starving to satisfy their hunger by any means.

The great meeting resolved itself into a parade up Fifth Avenue, a march of the disinherited whose very appearance was a challenge to the guilty conscience of the exploiters and well-fed idlers. For the first time in the history of this country did the black flag, symbol of starvation and desperate misery, flutter a menacing defiance in the face of parasitic contentment and self-righteous arrogance. The demonstration in Millionaire Avenue was permeated with the spirit of revolt that has fired the hearts of the downtrodden in every popular uprising. It gave full vent to the accumulated misery and suppressed rage against injustice and wrong, the parade continuing up to 107th Street, where it closed in the generously opened headquarters of the Francisco Ferrer Association with a substantial meal for the unemployed who were also provided with tobacco and cigarettes and lodgings for the night.

The masters and their hireling press frothed at the mouth. What! The starvelings to be permitted to parade their naked misery, to threaten the money-changers in their very temple? The black flag of hunger and destruction to wave so menacingly in the wealthiest and most exclusive section of the metropolis, the fearful cry of Revolution to thunder before the very doors of the mighty! That is too much!

The masters trembled. The hounds of capital—the press and police—were unleashed.

* * *

The movement of the unemployed continued on its way. In spite of repression and numerous arrests the agitation kept up. Meetings took place every evening at Rutgers Square, the Conference, representing the executive body of the unemployed, multiplying its efforts

and daily carrying on large open air meetings at Franklin Statue ("Printers' Row"), on the East Side and at various points in Harlem. At the same time the city was circularized with leaflets and pamphlets, enlightening the public as to the causes of the wide-spread unemployment and suggesting ways of immediate relief and the ultimate abolition of the conditions of economic exploitation and social injustice. The Conference further initiated another phase of its constructive work, an educational campaign in the labor unions, by means of circular letters and committees, to gain the solidarity and aid of the organized and employed for the unorganized and unemployed, on the basis of their common humanity and mutual interests.

It is from the army of the unemployed that the exploiters recruit the most dangerous foe of labor in times of strikes—scabs and blacklegs, and this point, among others, received special consideration and emphasis in our campaign in the labor unions.

The value of the agitational and educational propaganda resulting from the movement of the unemployed cannot be overestimated. Good seed has been sown in fertile soil, and the harvest will ripen in due time.

* * *

The second monster mass meeting of the unemployed was scheduled for Saturday, April 4, at Union Square. The spirit of the movement being thoroughly revolutionary, this meeting, like the preceding one, was not arranged with the kind permission of the master class and its armed hirelings. The unemployed workers do not beg; they *demand*. If they do not at present enforce all their demands, it is only because they don't as yet feel themselves strong enough to do so successfully. But in the matter of the mass meeting arranged for April 4, they were determined to assert their right of free speech, all the persecution and threats of the press and police notwithstanding.

I am confident that the determined attitude of the unemployed in refusing to call off their meeting at Union Square was the means of preventing bloodshed. The authorities faced a difficult dilemma; the executive Conference was not to be swayed from their position

either by the threats of the enemy nor by the pleas of backboneless friends. Preparations for the mass meeting were energetically continued, when lo! the authorities hit upon a scheme to circumvent our meeting without the unpleasant necessity of an open conflict.

It was a Jesuitic cabal on the part of the heads of the police department and a few labor fakers representing the Central Federated Union. Two days before our meeting the newspapers suddenly announced that the C. F. U., through Ernest Bohm, its secretary, had secured a police permit to hold a mass meeting at Union Square on April 4, to be followed by a parade of the labor unions, to protest against the conditions in the copper mine strike region of Michigan. For the purpose of the parade Bohm was given seven different routes, covering practically the whole city of New York and thus excluding the possibility of any mass meeting or demonstration on the part of the unemployed.

The Executive of the Conference immediately communicated with various labor organizations, among them also the Women's Trade Union League. Not a single union was aware of any meeting or demonstration in which they were to participate; none had been either consulted or informed of the action of Ernest Bohm. The Executive of the Conference thereupon got in touch by telephone with Bohm, who asserted the authenticity of the press report concerning the C. F. U. mass meeting. We assured him that the unemployed, considering their cause solidaric with labor at large, were willing to coöperate with the C. F. U., or even postpone their much previously arranged mass meeting in order not to conflict with the success of the labor protest against the masters' brutality in the copper strike. Mr. Bohm eagerly agreed to our proposal to coöperate, promising to give us final answer after his consultation with the visiting representative of the miners.

Failing to hear from Bohm at the appointed time, the Conference mailed to him a registered letter, repeating our offer either to coöperate in his meeting or to postpone ours. Copies of the letter were also sent to the press.

Receiving no reply from Bohm up to the last moment,

we printed a special throwaway announcing the postponement of our meeting because of our solidarity with labor.

The result has been reported in the daily press. The Bohm C. F. U. mass meeting proved a fake. Not a single union knew anything about it; not a single union put in an appearance. The audience assembled at Union Square on April 4 came in response to the call of the Conference of the Unemployed, issued two weeks previously. It became patent to everyone that Ernest Bohm, in the name of the C. F. U., and backed by the authorities, had played the miserable role of a stool pigeon for the police, in order to prevent the unemployed from holding their meeting.

The police used the occasion to revenge themselves for our successful revolutionary demonstration of March 21, by a show of brutality equalled only by Russian Cossacks of the Red Sunday days. The mounted officers savagely attacked the peaceful gathering in the Square, the foot police wielding their clubs with fiendish glee. Many were injured by the hoofs of the police horses and riot sticks, but the most dastardly outrage was suffered by our Comrade Joe O'Carroll, against whom the uniformed pluguglies have a special grudge because of his tireless activity in the cause of the unemployed. Six detectives stealthily followed O'Carroll as he was leaving Union Square on his way home, in the company of two women friends. When he was fully three blocks from the meeting place, they suddenly attacked him without the least provocation or warning, raining their clubs upon his head with murderous violence. According to impartial eye witnesses—passersby on the street—the brutality of the assault was inspired by such evident hatred and revenge that O'Carroll would have been clubbed to death were it not for the presence of mind and wonderful courage of one of the girls accompanying O'Carroll—Rebecca Edelsohn—who threw herself between the detectives and their victim, protecting O'Carroll with her own body till they ceased clubbing him.

Similarly brutal and utterly unprovoked assaults were committed by the police upon other men active in the

unemployed agitation, among them Arthur Caron, Joe Gans and G. Laricca. To justify their murderous assaults, the authorities arrested and brought charges against these and other prisoners, but the proof of police brutality was so overwhelming that the trial magistrate was moved to denounce the police scathingly, going even to the length of instructing counsel for the defense to prosecute the officers.

In the words of Joe O'Carroll, "they can't club me out of the movement." The agitation in the cause of the unemployed will continue. It will go on in spite of murderous police, in spite of persecution and imprisonment, in spite even of the dastardly denunciation by the Socialist *Call* in its editorial of April 7, so full of malice and venom that a stanch partisan like Abe Cahan, editor of the Socialist *Forward,* had to protest against the *Call's* infamy.

The agitation will go on, inculcating intelligent discontent, spreading broadcast the gospel of revolt, and fanning the fires of revolution that will strengthen the heart and mind of the proletariat to defy and destroy the law and order system of starvation and murder.*

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TO THE HOMELESS†

WHEN you have a job, you get paid just enough to keep body and soul together. When you lose your job, you soon find yourself on the street, and no one cares a rap whether you have sufficient food or a roof over your head.

Thousands of jobless men and women are now in just such a position, all over this land of ours that is sup-

*Since the above was written, a monster mass meeting of the unemployed took place at Union Square, on April 11th. The attendance was fully 10,000, the gathering proving one of the most inspiring events in the annals of American labor, especially because of the revolutionary tone of the gigantic assembly. For the first time in the last twenty-five years (excepting the meeting of March 21st) was a mass meeting held in Union Square *without* a police permit. The event was a most striking demonstration of the power of revolutionary determination.—ED.

†Circular issued to the unemployed by the Conference of the Unemployed.

posed to offer everyone an opportunity for "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." In New York City alone there are thousands of unemployed, and many of them are hungry and homeless at this very moment, forsaken by God and man, and reduced to actual starvation.

Now, where is this opportunity to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," so much prated about by every well-fed politician, every fat priest of Church and Capital?

This much-vaunted opportunity is a lie, invented and preached to keep the hungry slave patient and submissive.

Now, let's reason a moment. Why all this poverty, misery and starvation?

There is plenty of food on hand, plenty of clothes and shelter. Why starve? Are these things made for men, or are men made only to produce things and then to go without them?

Every one of us, as members of the working class, has helped to produce these things, and now when our families need them, we haven't got them, because our bosses, the masters, have robbed us of the fruit of our labor, and then thrown us out of work.

Unemployment is caused by the capitalist system under which one man is forced to work for another, and to give up the whole of his product for a part; whence it must inevitably result that masses of wealth accumulate in the hands of some. The longer the process goes on, the less the mass will have, and the more the accumulators.

That's how present society is kept up. But—society is made for men, not men for society; society is, or should be, an arrangement for the mutual benefit of all its constituents. As it is, however, so far from being served by the social organization, the security, well-being, health, even the bare existence of its members, is destroyed wholesale, so that Society-as-it-is may continue to exist; so that bonds, banks, interest, rent, profit, and taxes may continue their course undisturbed. Beside these institutions, hoary with time and respectability, human flesh and blood are weighed as nothing, and men die in their hunger and despair that property may be

preserved sacred. We sacrifice the living maker to the inanimate thing he has made. Rather than take the food which was made to be eaten, humanity dies of hunger gazing at it; rather than warm itself with the coal which was dug to be burned, a human being freezes to death in the secluded corner of a coal yard; rather than clothe itself with the garments which were made to be worn, a rag-concealed body shivers into final stiffness, while the unworn garments hang upon metal "dummies."

Such a condition of affairs must not be permitted to continue. There is no need for all this unemployment, misery, and starvation.

The fruit of labor should belong to labor, and to labor alone. The workers, employed and unemployed, must unite their forces, and with their combined economic power expropriate the exploiters of the working class and take possession of the means of production and distribution, in order to continue production—not for profit—but for the use and well-being of all.

Only thus will the workers abolish their wage-slavery and with it unemployment and starvation.

Meanwhile, men and women, let us come together and decide how the food, the clothes and the shelter that are on hand a-plenty, are to be placed in the hands of those who need them.

LEARN HOW TO HELP YOURSELF!

No one else will help you.

TANNENBAUM BEFORE PILATE

BY ALEXANDER BERKMAN

NO one familiar with the circumstances can have the least doubt that Frank Tannenbaum has been made a victim of class justice and railroaded to prison on perjured evidence.

I speak as an eye witness of the events that happened in St. Alphonsus church at the time Tannenbaum and 189 other unemployed were arrested. I charge Detective Sergeant Gegan and "Father" Schneider with having

deliberately perjured themselves for the purpose of securing the conviction of Tannenbaum and the other boys.

The facts in the case are these: When the unemployed army reached St. Alphonsus church, Tannenbaum—accompanied by Detectives Gegan and Gildea—walked into the church, after he had requested the men to wait for him outside. In less than three minutes he re-appeared.

"Boys," he said, "I am going in to the rectory next door to see the priest. Will you wait here and behave till I come?"

"Yes," the men replied, and Frank, still in the company of the detectives, entered the rectory.

We waited quietly a few minutes, when some reporters pushed through the crowd lining the sidewalk and the steps in front of the church. One of the newspaper men tried the door furthest north from the main entrance. It opened. The man entered, and after him filed in the crowd. So far as I could see there were no worshipers in the church at the time. All the men took off their hats and took seats. I think I was the only one to keep my hat on for a while, until I was seated. There was complete silence for at least five minutes when a priest in the back of the church jumped noisily on a bench and shouted in much agitation something about "the presence of the holy ghost in this place."

At that moment Tannenbaum entered, the two detectives and several reporters at his side.

"Boys," he called, "we can't stay here. We are not wanted. Let's go to some other place."

The men began to file out. When more than half of the audience was already out, I, still keeping my seat, saw some plain clothes police roughly push some men toward the door. It was then that I heard a slight commotion, protests and cat calls.

In a few minutes the whole assembly was out in the street. No arrests had been made, no uniformed police were in sight.

I remained on the sidewalk in front of the church for fully ten minutes, chatting with some acquaintances. The crowd was thinning. It was after eight in the evening, and as I had promised to attend the first meeting of

the Conference of the Unemployed at 66 E. 4th Street, I went to the hall.

It was at least an hour later that some friends rushed into the place to inform us of the arrest of Tannenbaum and the other men. It appeared that by some trick the detectives succeeded in getting the people back into the church and locking the doors, meanwhile telephoning to the police.

These facts considered, the conviction of Frank Tannenbaum, D. Wissotzky and several other men is a most dastardly frame-up on the part of the police and "Father" Schneider, of St. Alphonsus church, all the witnesses for the prosecution perjuring themselves in the most infamous manner.

The beast of law and darkness thirsted for blood. Frank knew it. He knew that he had committed the worst of all crimes: he had preached a new gospel. What wonder, then, that in spite of the convincing evidence of the defense Tannenbaum was convicted, the good Chrisian judge mollifying his hatred and revenge by dooming Frank to suffer the extreme penalty of the law: one year in the penitentiary at Blackwell's Island and $500.00 fine, signifying 500 additional prison days.

Tannenbaum, an intelligent and revolutionary worker, realized far better than his advisers that no justice is to be expected in the prostitute courts of capitalism. Unafraid and defiant, he threw this bold challenge into the teeth of the enemy:

"I'd like to say a few things, but if I do I suppose the newspapers will have me playing myself up as a martyr or a hero.

"There was once a person who said that a society would forgive every crime—murder, arson, theft or rape—but that the one thing it will not forgive is the preaching of a new gospel. *That's* my crime. I was going about telling people that the jobless must be housed and fed, and for that I got locked up.

"I am accused of participating in an unlawful assembly. Well, I belong to the wage-slave class and I don't know of any assembly on the part of *that* class that would be *lawful*. The assembly, being of slaves, was

unlawful as a matter of course. And I participated in it. I don't deny that.

"There was no property destroyed, no people hurt, no violence used, no breach of the peace. But the papers wanted me arrested, the church people turned me over to the police, and the police turned me over to the court, the court over to the Grand Jury, and the Grand Jury again over to you. And you found me guilty!

"Somebody said I answered 'Yes' to a statement about bloodshed. Why all this nonsense about bloodshed? The capitalist class sheds more blood in one year than the working class does in five. We workers are being killed every day. We are killed in mines, in the factories, in buildings, and on the battlefield. There's never been a war in the interests of the workers, and yet it's the workers who die.

"Unlawful assembly, to be sure! We had gone to other churches and have been well received. Where they didn't give us food and shelter, they gave us money to get them. Dr. Duffy gave us $25.00, and this man Press calls it graft money. I don't believe the assistant district attorney has heart enough to be a dog catcher. Think of the injustice he does me in saying that the $25.00 given to feed the men I got as graft money! That money was given to Mr. Martin. We took 83 hungry and jobless men to a restaurant and fed them. Mr. Martin paid for those men's meals out of the money that was given to him. They talk about religion—praying to God—I think it was the most religious sight I ever saw—those starving men being fed. After we had arranged for their lodging there was ten cents left, and the assistant district attorney can have that if he wants it.

"The first time we were not well received was at Dr. Schneider's Church. And from that we were not allowed to go away peaceably. For it is an absolute lie of Gegan's when he said that he did not call me back into the church.

"As to my attitude towards the priests, I want to say that by nature I am polite even to my enemies. And I tell you that Dr. Schneider, supposed to be a representative of Christ—the man who died on the cross for preaching a new gospel and whom the common people

heard gladly—would be the first to crucify Christ if he came to us to-day.

"Before I was arrested I knew little or nothing about the police or courts. I was practically ignorant of all such things. But from what I have learned since—in this court and in the Tombs—*I have come to have no respect at all for the court and the law.*

"For several weeks I have lived with the fellows in jail, fellows who have been driven and kicked about from place to place. In my estimation they are as good as anybody else.

"The day that I was brought into the court justice flew out of the window and never came back. I didn't want this trial. I knew what I was going to get. But my friends prevailed on me to have a trial. And the result is exactly as I expected. If I am ever arrested again I will not have a trial. No more trials for me.

"As for the jury, they are all men who want to be rich. They are members of your class. They are capitalists in miniature. You couldn't get a jury of workingmen, of structural iron workers, for instance, to convict me.

"You jurymen fail to take into consideration the circumstances, the passions, the feelings of men. We boys who see and feel the misery of unemployment are more spontaneous, more human, I think, than other people. We can't adapt ourselves to this system, this rotten system which jails men for demanding a piece of bread. We don't believe in denying the right of hungry men to demand food. That was my crime—telling the producers of bread to get a bite of it for themselves. And I am willing to take the consequences."

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DEFIANCE OF LAW

By R. Thomas Breckenridge

IN European countries, which possess revolutionary working-class traditions, the radical elements have a clearly defined attitude toward the forces of exploitation and oppression. In whatever form of thought or action this attitude may express itself, its elementals are a deep sense of the wrongs suffered by the workers, an intense hatred of the forces of despotism, and a

consistent struggle against every factor of tyranny and persecution.

This attitude of mind, a compound of the traditional and the acquired, inevitably reflects itself in the stand of European revolutionists before the courts of law. Filled with hatred of dominant injustice, and permeated with the spirit of idealism, the revolutionaries of Europe feel themselves the advance guard of the Newer Day battling against the powers of darkness. This feeling involves a sense of new-born dignity, of manful independence and defiant sovereignty.

The apostles of the gospel of a free humanity, they are under all and every circumstance the accusers, thundering the approaching doom of "the generation of vipers and pharisees." When facing the "justice" of the unjust, they do not feel themselves the accused or the guilty. On the contrary, the prisoners' bench is transformed into the temple of humanity from which a defiant and fiery *J'accuse* is hurled upon the heads of the enemies of man.

In France, Italy, Spain, and preëminently in Russia, the trial of a revolutionist is always made to serve as the background for an indictment against despotism, militarism, and oppression. The courtroom is turned into an arena of the class struggle that rouses the people at large to the perception of their wrongs, boldly exposes the legal trickery that masks respectable knavery and hypocrisy, and proclaims the triumphant march of revolution.

Such an attitude compels the attention of the world. It compels the respect even of the enemy, and—more important—it scatters broadcast the seed of rebellion and intelligent discontent.

Undoubtedly it was Russia whose best sons and daughters were the first to transform the prisoners' dock into a tribunal before which despotism is the real accused. It was by this means that the people of Russia learned the first lesson of social protest and received their first inspiration for the ideal.

The example has been followed by revolutionaries on the continent, not merely in isolated cases, but as a systematic campaign. And now we witness in Eng-

land the manifestation of the same spirit and attitude in the indomitable courage of the English women.

The situation is different in America. Because of the lack of revolutionary working-class traditions and the absence of a crystallized proletarian movement, the trial of men charged with legal crimes resultant from the class struggle, presents a sorry spectacle.

I have been actively interested in the labor movement of this country for nearly three decades. During that period scores of labor men have faced the Juggernaut of capitalistic justice. Yet, with but very few exceptions, the accused workers accepted the situation in the spirit of their accusers, tacitly assuming the role of men charged with a crime against constituted institutions, and submitting to the authority and jurisdiction of their accusers.

These notable exceptions, the more striking because of their rarity, were the cases of the Chicago Anarchists, in 1886; of Alexander Berkman, in connection with the great steelworkers' strike at Homestead, Pa., in 1892; and of Leon Czolgosz, in 1906. To these have recently been added Jack Whyte, with his glorious "To hell with your courts!" and Frank Tannenbaum's bold declaration, "I have no respect at all for the courts and the law."

In all these instances the attitude of the prisoners was not characterized by the intent to deny their opinions or defend their actions from the standpoint of the law. On the contrary, their defense was an accusation against the legalized institutions of injustice and oppression, a defiant condemnation and denial of the very Law in the name of which they were made victims.

Such an attitude is the only logical culmination of views and activities aiming to destroy capitalist conditions. It strikes at the very foundation of the established, and the force of its example is often more inspiring and effective than a lifetime of other propaganda.

On the other hand, the denial or even the elimination of the purposes and aims of the proletarian struggle by following legal procedure in trial cases of class justice, defeats the very ends of that struggle. Unfortunately

this has been the manner in which labor trials have so far been conducted. To defend a prisoner of the master class by the rules of the game laid down by the masters themselves is the height of stupidity. Nor can anything be accomplished by such methods, except to disgrace labor itself, minimize the significance of the conflict, confuse the issues, and tacitly acquiesce in the authority and justice of the dominant class.

Thus the ignoring of the fundamental antagonisms between labor and capital, and the attempt to justify the masters by denying the inevitable lawlessness of labor paralyzes the initiative and energy of the toilers, and tends to strengthen and perpetuate the very conditions against which workers are forced to wage war.

To name but one example, a most flagrant one. The labor men tried recently in Indianapolis, one and all denied their belief in violence. The whole defense was based on the open declaration that under no circumstances is there any justification for the use of violent tactics by labor. To be sure, the defendants were convicted, for it was patent that labor had used violence and that dynamite for the purpose had been transported from State to State. Could the men have fared worse if they had manfully and boldly defied the jurisdiction and authority of the master class, had frankly avowed their inmost conviction that the courts and the law are the enemies of labor, and that plutocratic methods force the workers to use violent tactics to preserve a small modicum of security for themselves and their organizations?

Such a manful and defiant stand would have sounded labor's challenge to capital, solidified the ranks of the workers, inspired them with courage and self-respect, and helped a long way toward making them conscious of their tremendous power as the economic arbiters of life.

Furthermore, it would have proved the first decisive step toward the ultimate emancipation from wage slavery, and would have given an effective warning to the powers that be against railroading the labor men to prison.

A warning of similar nature voiced by the more class-conscious labor element has been the means on

two previous occasions of saving members of the working-class from the vengeance of the masters—William Haywood and co-workers, and Ettor and Giovannitti.

The time is approaching in this country when the radical workingmen, and especially their spokesmen, will have to quit seeking protection under the wings of the very Law that stamps the struggle of labor itself as criminal and destructive of existing order.

Let us be honest and frank. Let us proclaim once for all that the emancipation of labor from the yoke of capitalism means the destruction of capitalism, the destruction of capitalist order and law. Let us declare that we do not want to justify the process of this destruction by appeals to the institutions we seek to destroy. Let us boldly proclaim that we do not recognize the slave morality imposed on us by the master class; that we hold in utter contempt their laws and regulations whose sole aim is to keep labor in subjection. Let us openly deny the jurisdiction of courts where the masters' Pilates ever stand ready to doom us to perdition. Let us spurn the justice of class verdicts, defy their execution, and by *every* means at our command, however illegal or violent—as long as effective for our purpose—resist the continuation of the system of misery and slavery that parades under the name of Law and Order.

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A REVIEW OF OUR NEW YORK ACTIVITIES

By Emma Goldman.

I BEGAN my lecture work in New York in the year 1890, and with but few exceptions have spoken in that city every winter since that time. I have often wondered how it is that my audiences do not tire, because even the greatest orator becomes tedious if listened to during five months, year after year.

The only explanation I have been able to find is, first, the growing interest in Anarchism, and, secondly, the wide range of themes embraced in my lecture course, themes which must appeal to people in every walk of life. But, whatever the reason, the New York audiences, instead of diminishing, increase both in quantity and quality, and what is more, it is almost entirely an Amer-

ican element which has been attending the many meetings held during the last few winters.

In the past the Yiddish audiences outnumbered by hundreds those of the English language; but perhaps because Jews easily acquire the language of the country, and grow indifferent to their own language, they have not attended my lectures as they have in the past.

We began our work rather late last year, having returned from the coast in September and also having spent a month in the change of Mother Earth quarters. However, from the latter part of October, beginning with two meetings in Trenton, N. J., until the 27th of March, closing with a debate in New York, I lectured on an average four times every week; added to this were meetings and debates in Brooklyn, Brownsville, Newark, Paterson, Hartford, and Philadelphia. In the latter city the Free Speech fight of five years was brought to a victorious end.

The lecture arranged by the Free Speech League of Philadelphia for March 9 was a tremendous success, not only because of its size, but because of the complete backdown of the authorities, which is only another proof that perseverance in behalf of an ideal inevitably leads to recognition. Five years ago Anarchism was silenced in Philadelphia. On March 9, 1914, it rang out its clarion voice more powerful than ever.

Altogether we have had about 150 meetings, between October and March; half of them devoted to economic and sex questions, the balance to the Modern Drama. For the first time in New York City, Anarchists held forth in a theater; nor did they have to deny their colors, in order to gain the attention of their audiences. Quite the contrary: the most revolutionary lectures met with the heartiest approval: as, for instance, on the Russian drama, which stirred the Berkeley Theater audience profoundly. It was on that occasion also that $65.00 was contributed for the agitation to further the movement of the unemployed.

The last meeting of the series, March 15, was no less inspiring. Leonard D. Abbott presided. Fola La Follette and George Middleton were among the speakers who told of "What the Drama Means to Me." The address of Miss La Follette was especially splendid, be-

cause it demonstrated the awakening in the ranks of the intellectual proletarians, among whom Miss La Follette is one of the most earnest and thoughtful.

But if the New York activities consisted only in my lectures, I should care little about them. It is the spirit and interest which grow out of them; the contributions for strikes, for the Rangel-Cline defense, for the unemployed movement, the latter started on the amounts collected from our meetings and still maintained chiefly through the same source. In fact every conflict of the workers found a willing response from the men and women who attended our meetings.

Last, but not least, is the intense interest in Anarchistic literature. At no other gatherings is there such an amount of reading matter circulated; not merely pamphlets and papers, but also books. The works of Kropotkin, Eltzbacher, Stirner, Nietzsche, Berkman—indeed of all the leading writers on social questions and the revolutionary modern dramas were in much demand by our audiences, thus proving that the people come not merely to listen, but to take away with them food for further thought.

No wonder the press and the authorities see scarlet when the word Anarchy is mentioned. It is not the destructive phase they dread so much, but its constructive effects upon the minds and hearts of those who understand its meaning. The fact that not only the unemployed and those who still have a job are beginning to see in Anarchism the fulfilment of their highest aspiration and innermost longing, but that the intellectual class, aye, even the people of the upper class, turn to Anarchism because of its breath of life, its freedom, its humanity, its form and uncompromising attitude against all sham and hypocrisy.

Thus New York has seen the growth of Anarchist thought from an obscure, misrepresented, ridiculed and hounded beginning to a great intellectual force. Thus, too, New York has proven faithful from the time I walked her streets, worked in her factories, nursed in her slums, slept in her jails—she has ever been faithful, and always ready to receive me with open arms when I returned to her folds. Thus she will always lure me back as the place of stress and sorrow, struggle and pain, work and hope.

Just now I must turn my back on the dear old fascinating city. We are off on our annual lecture tour. At Chicago for two weeks; Madison, Wis., and Minneapolis for a week; Denver for ten days. Then to the coast. But MOTHER EARTH remains at 74 West 119th Street, and with it my faithful friends and co-workers Alexander Berkman and M. Eleanor Fitzgerald. They will be pleased to receive you all, Comrades, and my spirit shall hover over our place to give you hospitality and cheer until we meet again next winter.

INTERNATIONAL ANARCHIST CONGRESS

Comrades—At the Amsterdam Congress in 1907, a decision was arrived at for a second Anarchist Congress to be held in 1909. But the state of mind of our comrades, at that time, was opposed to it, and the question of a future congress was left for a more propitious period.

Since then, fresh life seems to have entered the Anarchist movement in all countries: an activity, becoming daily more marked, is being felt, and everywhere an earnest attempt is being made to put into practice our federalist principles of Anarchist organization, through the creation of living organs of propaganda and agitation.

The formation at Amsterdam of an international organ of intercommunication may have been, perhaps, premature. For such an organ to have its *raison d'être* and to have the success that it could have had, it was necessary to lay the main stress on local and national organizations. Only the existence of these could be the guarantee and the chief condition for the existence and the activity of an international organism. The existence of the International Bureau has, nevertheless, indicated to a certain degree the dangers to be guarded against, as well as the qualities to be kept, when one intends to undertake the organization of an international link among the Anarchists.

The year that has just closed has been, from many points of view, a remarkable and historical year for the labor movement in general and for the Anarchist move-

ment in particular. Everywhere a spirit of revolt, increasing in consciousness, breaks through the fog by which the exploited were always surrounded by politicians of all shades, and, coinciding with these revolutionary signs within the masses themselves, the Anarchists feel, everywhere, an increasing necessity, more urgent, as each day raises new problems, new tactics, to constantly be in touch with each other with reference to future activities. It is, therefore, of great importance, at the present hour, for the Anarchists of all countries to meet again, to discuss anew problems already before us, but not yet solved, on the basis of the experience of the last few years; to raise the fresh problems that life has placed before us and, if possible, to concert ourselves on common action, shoulder to shoulder, strong in our ideal and decided to continue, relentlessly, but with greater energy and more unity, the work of emancipation of the exploited from every yoke.

It is with this idea in view that the Anarchist Federation of Germany issued, a few months ago, a first appeal with the purpose of sounding the Comrades on the question of an International Congress. The answers received —either directly by the German comrades, or through articles in the Anarchist press—give us reason to believe that the desire for such a congress is almost unanimous.

The three federations undersigned have therefore decided, after due consideration, to convene the next International Anarchist Congress for the autumn of the current year. The Congress will be held in London, from August 29 to September 6.

We invite the Anarchists the world over to come to the London Congress—and formulate their ideas, their plans of action, their experiences of the past, their hopes for the future.

A new era seems to open itself before the oppressed; we must see each other, we must agree on our future activities; this is why we firmly hope that our invitation will everywhere be received with enthusiasm.

It is chiefly in your hands—Anarchist organizations the world over—that the success of the congress lies. You, who have already begun the work of organization, don't leave it unfinished. We await your adhesion. Set immediately to work; every country should be well represented; prepare your reports on the state of the move-

ment in your locality and on any other subject which you think important.

We await your early reply—there is no time to lose.

Anarchists from all countries! Set immediately to work, and, in the interval, we send you our fraternal greetings.

Long live Anarchy!

THE ANARCHIST FEDERATION OF GERMANY
(*Sek.: R. Oestreich, Petershagen a. d. Ostbahn*),
THE ANARCHIST COMMUNIST FEDERATION OF FRANCE
(*Sec.: Lecram,* 121 *due de la Roquetee, Paris XI.*),
THE LONDON ANARCHIST FEDERATION
(*Sec.: F. W. Dunn,* 5 *Vicarage Rd., Neasden, London, N. W.*).

The General Secretary of the Organizing Committee of the Congress is

A. SCHAPIRO, 163 Jubilee Street, London, E.

to whom all matter concerning the Congress should be sent: subscriptions, affiliations, reports, agenda, etc. A special "Bulletin" will be published at intervals, giving all details re the Congress. It will be sent to all organizations, to all Anarchist papers and to all those who will express a wish to receive it.

"ARROWS IN THE GALE"—GIOVANNITTI'S POEMS

BY LEONARD D. ABBOTT.

EVERYONE knows of Arturo Giovannitti as the syndicalist and strike leader. Very few as yet know of him as a poet. At the time of his imprisonment in connection with the Lawrence strike he published "The Walker"—a prison poem. A few months later, when he and Ettor were brought into court in Salem, he wrote "The Cage." These poems, together with a score of others and a moving "Introduction" by Helen Keller, have been lately put into artistic book form by Frederick C. Bursch, of the Hillacre Press, Riverside, Connecticut.

In this book Giovannitti establishes himself as one of the great poets of revolution. He is of the lineage of Byron, and he vibrates with the libertarian passion that Swinburne felt. He has been compared with Whit-

man, but the only American poet that he recalls for me is Voltairine de Cleyre. Like her, he shoots his "arrows in the gale." Like her, he glories in the combat wich he hopes will result in the utter overthrow of present-day society. There is in his book a lovely pagan fantasy. Personal love is precious to him. But the one theme that has his undivided allegiance is revolution.

He sounds the keynote of his book in the opening lines of his "Proem":

> These are but songs—they're not a creed,
> They are not meant to lift or save,
> They won't appeal or intercede
> For any fool or any knave;
> They hold no covenant or pledge
> For him who dares no foe assail:
> They are the blows of my own sledge
> Against the walls of my own jail.

He even quarrels with the Spring because it means for him "an atonement, not a rebellion," "a returning childhood, not a reconquered virility"; and he exclaims:

> No storms, no tempests, no hurricanes,
> No spasms of long-nursed follies,
> No violences of coveted passions,
> No brazen display of warm desires and unclad sins,
> No exaltation of fecund motherhood,
> Nothing but the recurrence of an old fashion, the re-wearing of the discarded, ignoble dress of green, a new mat of perfumed rouge over the wrinkles of the same old yellow face of the world. * * *
> I have hated thee, O Spring.

Love may be sweet, but in the spirit of this poem it becomes as a temptress that lures men away from the revolution:

> Shall I sing of love now, I who could only sing to the tune of the clarions of war?
> And shall I forget for a woman my black frothing horse that neighs after the twanging arrows in the wind?
> And shall I not lose my strength when her arms shall encircle me where thou hast girt me with the sword, O Gea, my mother immortal?

Revolution sounds in half a dozen poems devoted to poverty. Giovannitti knows the underworld because he has dwelt in it. One poem he addresses to a bench in Mulberry Park on which, in the days of his direst distress, he slept. Another poem is entitled "The Last Nickel." Stanzas on "The Bum" reverberate with a

coarse, irregular rhythm. The poet incites the poor and the outcast to fling their scorn and hate in the face of "this Christian world of sainted thieves and fat apostles of virtue, this world of brutes and prostitutes." He hopes for a day—

> When flesh and sinews shall revolt
> And she, the mob, the fiend, the beast,
> Unchained, awake, shall turn and break
> The bloody tables of their feast.

Revolution sounds, equally, through these poems in which Giovannitti attacks present-day religion and strives to include the sterner ethics on which the future society is to be built. He preaches a gospel not of meekness and love, but of heroic struggle and self-assertion. He translates the Beatitudes of Jesus thus:

> Blessed are the strong in freedom's spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of the earth.
> Blessed are they that mourn their martyred dead: for they shall avenge them upon their murderers and be comforted.
> Blessed are the rebels: for they shall reconquer the earth.
> Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after equality: for they shall eat the fruit of their labor.
> Blessed are the strong: for they shall not taste the bitterness of pity.
> Blessed are the sincere in heart: for they shall see truth.
> Blessed are they that do battle against wrong: for they shall be called the children of Liberty.

If Giovannitti's prison poem, "The Walker," with its unforgettable picture of the captive who tramps to and fro, may be said to symbolize humanity pent up and confined, "The Cage" opens a way of deliverance. As we look on the old order embodied in the judge and his minions, and on the new order which lives in the souls of the three prisoners in their cage, we understand the deepest meaning of what Giovannitti has to tell us. The cage is passing, but the dream of the three men in it is just beginning to be realized. The cage is to go back to the smithy fires and to be reshaped into the sword of man's justice, the tripod of his worship and the sickle for his grain. But the dream is to go forward. In the throbbing lines of "The Cage" we can hear the tramp of a vast, onrushing host. "It is the highside of the revolution," as Helen Keller says. "Onward it sweeps through the rent temples of the past, flooding the tombs of dethroned state, thundering through the mar-

ket-place where men buy and sell the lives and souls of their fellow men. Face the wreckage you who can, and behold upon the tumultuous waves a new ship of state. Fast through the night of our ignorance and our fear it speeds on to the calm, sunlit shores of the desired land."

FOR LACK OF A JOB

By Ben Capes

I PROTESTED to my neighbor at the table, but he only shrugged his shoulders and paid no attention to my remarks. He did agree with me that she was rather too young to be working, as with animal appetite he dug energetically into his beefsteak.

When she came over to take my order, I was almost numb. There was that timid suppression written on her face that made the child look like a middle-aged woman.

I smiled to her sympathetically and made a few friendly remarks, and it was evident from the way she brightened up that she felt free in my presence.

A peculiar pain gripped my heart as I sat there watching the child running from dining room to kitchen with a heavy load of dishes on her tray, weighing down her frail, undeveloped body. All of humanity seemed to be outraged in that little waitress.

I could not eat. I walked from the dining room, and with savage hatred cursed the day that gave birth to a social system that not only condemns its adults to poverty, misery, and unspeakable slavery, but breaks the backs of the young in their tender teens, robbing them of life. I was unusually bitter that day. I had met and discussed religion with a good Christian in the train. The woes of the world, through his spectacles, were all due to the willful wickedness of man. He continually quoted scripture and referred to the Bible with such profound sincerity and ignorance as if that book were the only source of knowledge. In vain did I plead with him to open his eyes and see the real, living world as it is—its history and evolution, the rise and fall of civilizations, the birth and growth of religious systems—to realize that the eternal struggle between light and darkness, freedom and slavery, will not cease till man-

kind reaches the heights of liberty, equality and fraternity. But his mind was so clouded and poisoned with religious superstition that the most obvious facts were as non-existent for him as the difference of color to a blind man. He was the man I looked for as I descended into the lobby. I wanted to grab him by the collar and drag him into the dining room, and with burning words and living illustration show him how a Christian world and a "free" capitalistic society is coining the blood of a child into dollars.

I didn't realize how contented she was in her slavery until two days later. I was in my room at the time. I had been writing and my things were carelessly lying about. I was just getting ready to gather up my belongings when she opened the door.

"Hello, Shorty. How are you?" she called.

"O, I'm all right. How are you?"

A cloud spread over her face, and with tears in her eyes she said: "Well, I'm in a hell of a fix. I just got 'canned.' Dan told me I was too light for dining room work and that he couldn't use me."

Only those who have been tossed about like a cork on the stormy sea of the economic struggle will understand the feelings of the girl.

"The worst of it is I have no home, and no place to go," she continued through her tears.

"Where was your home when you had one?" I asked.

"When father was alive we lived at Olathe; since he died there are five of us just scattered all over . . . . I don't see how they can do this, to fire me this way. They know I ain't got no money and no place to go, and I just worked like a dog to please them, too. I tell you some people ain't got no heart at all."

And she began to sob again. I petted her tenderly and said some encouraging words, though I felt they were futile with the specter of poverty staring her in the face. My little financial aid she declined to accept saying: "What can this do for me? I need to work to live." With a sigh she continued: "Gee, but it's tough luck. If I were a man like you I wouldn't care, but I'm only a girl . . . . I'm going to tell Dan that he must keep me a few days till I find something." And she walked away.

An hour later a pistol shot was heard that disturbed the otherwise tranquil atmosphere of the little country hotel. Soon its occupants and the whole town were stirred by deep emotion.

The girl had taken the clerk's revolver to her room, where they found her with the blood trickling from a wound in her head.

Some men weep, some men sigh, some men make no moan,
But God's eternal laws are kind and break a heart of stone.

"If I'd known she would do this, I wouldn't have discharged her," said the proprietor. And thus the little drama reached its climax on the world's stage.

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"UNEMPLOYED" FUND

RECEIPTS

As per statement in March M. E. collected.....	$158.39
Turned over to Collecting Unemployed Committee...	42.38
Balance on hand	$116.01
E. G. Jewish meeting	18.83
E. G. at Woman's Progressive Circle.....	5.38
E. G. Edlin Debate (collection for unemployed and Umbrella Makers' strikers, equally divided).....	9.66
E. G. Chicago lectures	20.50
	$170.38

DISBURSEMENTS

March	4, To Cancilleri, Italian handbills.....	5.70
"	11, A. B. to Jos. J. Cohen, Treasurer Conference Unemployed	10.00
"	18, re Comm. work	3.00
"	19, Circul. literature	9.00
"	19, Sachs & Steinfeld, on acc't printing circulars	15.00
"	20, Carfare, teleph.	2.00
"	20, Ad in the New York Call.....	4.00
"	21, Comm. expenses	3.00
"	23, Italian Committee per Cancilleri	1.50
"	23, Committee expenses	5.00
"	27, Warheit ad	8.40
"	30, Per Cancilleri	3.00
"	30, Sachs & Steinfeld, on acc't printing handbills, letterheads, circulars, etc.....	25.25
"	30, Sachs & Steinfeld, on acc't printing circulars, throwaways, extra cards, etc.....	33.00
"	30, Forwards ads	13.20
April	1, Comm. expenses	1.00
"	2, Comm. expenses	3.25
"	10, Italian handbills	4.50
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